

Answer This Question

When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured numerous cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble?

Here are two letters which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Red Banks, Miss.—"Words are inadequate to express what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from a female disease and weakness which the doctors said was caused by a fibroid tumor, and I commenced to think there was no help for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman after all other means had failed. My friends are all asking what has helped me so much, and I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Willie Edwards.

Hampstead, Maryland.—"Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was weak and nervous, and could not be on my feet half a day without suffering. The doctors told me I never would be well without an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors, and I hope this valuable medicine may come into the hands of many more suffering women."—Mrs. Joseph H. Dandy.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

What more proof can any one ask?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL GREAT FOR PAIN
THE OIL THAT PENETRATES

CONFESSIONS OF A CLOWN.

At Last, There is on Sale a Book Brimful of American Humor.

Any bookseller will tell you that the constant quest of his customers is for a book which will make me laugh. The bookman is compelled to reply that the race of American humorists has run out and comic literature is scarcer than funny plays. A wide sale is therefore predicted for the "Memoirs of Dan Rice," the Clown of Our Daddies, written by Maria Ward Brown, a book guaranteed to make you roar with laughter. The author presents to the public a volume of the great jester's most pungent jokes, comic harangues, caustic hits upon men and manners, lectures, anecdotes, sketches of adventure, original songs and poetical effusions; wise and witty, serious, satirical, and sentimental sayings of the sawdust arena of other days. Old Dan Rice, as proprietor of the famous "One Horse Show," was more of a national character than Artemus Ward, and this volume contains the humor which made the nation laugh even while the great Civil War raged. This fascinating book of 500 pages, beautifully illustrated, will be sent postpaid to you for \$1.50. Address Book Publishing House, 134 Leonard street, New York City.

Motorists will learn with interest of the case of a Hyderabad notable whose car almost came into collision with that of the Nizam. The notable was fined \$330 by the Nizam, and all his motor cars were confiscated.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY FOR KIDNEYS, BLOOD and LIVER

Backed by over 30 years of remarkable success in the cure of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles, Constipation and the disease peculiar to women. Not a patent medicine. The formula is in keeping with strict scientific principles. Many physicians of the highest standing have prescribed Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This statement can be proved absolutely. It has cured many cases practically abandoned. Have you dangerous symptoms of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles, pain in back, cloudy urine with sediment, passing water, constipation, skin eruptions, etc.? If so, don't delay, but use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at once. Large bottles, \$1.00. Small bottles, 50c. Free sample. Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample.

The Parson and the Dentist.
A clergyman went to have his teeth fixed by a dentist. When the work was done the dentist declined to accept more than a nominal fee. The parson, in return for this favor, insisted later on the dentist accepting a volume of the reverend gentleman's own writing. It was a disquisition on the Psalms, and on the fly leaf he had inscribed this appropriate quotation: "And my mouth shall show forth thy praise!"—Harper's Weekly.

Treasure For Some Man.
At the dinner of the Cab Drivers' Benevolent Association Sir Squire Bancroft told a story of a young lady who tendered the fare of a shilling at the end of a journey, according to London Tit-Bits.
"Half a moment, miss," said the driver. "Are you married?"
"No. Why do you ask?"
"Because," was the rejoinder, "when you do marry, whoever gets you will have a treasure. You makes a bob go further than any gal I know."

Comforting Assurance.

Doctor—"Most—er—fortunate you consulted me. I'm just the very mar to—er—cure you."

Patient—"Ah, that's lucky! You are quite familiar with my complaint then?"
Doctor—"Familiar? My dear sir I've had it myself—er—this twenty years!"—Comic Cuts.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Seemed to Be Breaking Down With Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. J. N. Smith, Chicago St., Buchanan, Mich., says: "While lifting everything seemed to give way and I fell gasping to the floor. From that time I was in ill health—pain in my back all the time, varied with sharp twinges, frequent headaches, trouble with my eyes, nervousness, irregular action of the kidneys, and I seemed to be going all to pieces. I began to improve with the use of Doan's Kidney Pills and gradually the pains all left me. After using a few boxes I was all well again and will never cease praising Doan's Kidney Pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Editorial Candor.
In Everybody's "Straight Talk" was printed the following from an Iowa correspondent:

"I read over the jokes in 'Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree' every month. This month I found one which seemed very funny to me."
"That was bad enough," say the editors. "But when a member of your own family, so to speak—Well here's what happened:
"Here's a peach of a story," said the "Chestnut Tree" man the other day, "but I have a feeling that we've printed it before."
"Is it really very funny?"
"Yes, it really is."
"Then I don't believe we have."

Future Captain of Industry.
"Please, sir, have you a match?" asked the small boy of the hurrying pedestrian. "No, I have not," snapped the man. "Then buy some," exclaimed the boy as he held out a handful of boxes. He did business.—London Globe.

The Difference.
At one time both Montague Matthews and Matthew Montague were members of the British House of Commons. Mr. Matthews was a big powerful giant of a man. Mr. Montague was thin and emaciated. The Speaker frequently confused the two.
"I can't understand it," said Montague Matthews. "There's as much difference between us as there is between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse."—Everybody's Magazine.

Keep on Trying.
A little girl who had a live bantam presented to her was disappointed at the smallness of the first egg laid by the bird. Her ideal egg was that of the ostrich, a specimen of which was on a table in the drawing room. One day the ostrich's egg was missing from its accustomed place. It was subsequently found near the spot where the bantam nested, and on it was stuck a piece of paper with the words: "Something like this, please keep on trying."—Dundee Advertiser.

KNOWLEDGE.

Three tasks Love set me ere he went away—
And though he should return nor soon nor late,
Yet must I learn his lessons day by day—
These three: to dream, to suffer, and to wait!
—Charlotte Becker, in New Era.

The Thief.

By Mary F. Hurley.

He looked in through the open window and saw that the kitchen was empty, as he had hoped, and that the back door also stood invitingly open. After a moment's hesitation he cautiously entered the unguarded house, his soles giving no warning of his approach, for a tramp who had walked many miles seldom has other than the upper wrecks of oots.

Slinking against the wall in his foul rags and dirt, he crept through the narrow hall to the foot of the staircase, where he paused and considered the doors leading to the different rooms. He wondered which of the closed doors disguised plunder or behind which might be lurking capture and the strong arm of the law. It was too risky.

He drew in his breath between his fello teeth and decided to try the bedrooms—they were safer at this hour. With noiseless feet he ascended the stairs and tried the door at the head of the staircase. It yielded readily to his plundering hand and disarrayed a room—a woman's room—emptied. His greedy eyes flew from one object to another, seeking the most valuable as well as the most portable. It was with satisfaction that he noted the pocketbook lying on the dresser, the silver toilet articles and that the brushes were silver mounted.

Completing his survey, he turned from these articles and looked at the mantel between the windows. He started toward it; then deciding that it held nothing of value, retraced his steps. Again, as if drawn by a kind of fascination, he turned and walked up to it. The first object to meet his eyes was the picture of a woman's face in a small old-fashioned frame, and at the sight of it he staggered back and shook as if suddenly stricken with palsy. A piteous moan escaped him, and something fell from the mist in his hollow eyes, from which the wolfish look had vanished—his first tear in many years.

Standing there he had forgotten his purpose; it was recalled to him by the sound of a woman's singing as she opened the door. The song was suddenly hushed as she looked toward the mantel near which stood the tall, gaunt figure, its rags a uniform of color from rain and sun, its burning eyes staring at her.

She was a tall woman, and stood at her full height facing him and wondering if he knew how she was trembling. She did not cry out, though he expected she would after the first horrified convulsion of all her limbs.

"What are you doing here?" she asked in a quiet, controlled voice.

"I came to steal!" he answered hoarsely.
She looked vaguely around but saw nothing disturbed. Her brain was busy thinking she was in his power; that her husband would not be in yet; that she did not dare call for assistance and wondering if the self-accused thief had a weapon.

"I'm not going to take anything. I haven't touched a thing," said the hunted voice as she remained silent.

"I meant to steal."

She looked at him again. Now she was not at all afraid.

"What stopped you?" she asked calmly.

"It was all that stopped me. I couldn't do it with her eyes on me." He pointed to the picture on the mantel.

She looked at him in surprise, and as she did so he thought her eyes looked large enough to hold an infinite charity and believe him.

"I was a gentleman—once!" he said, standing there before her in his filth and rags. "Disgrace, shame, hunger, have made me the thing I am." His voice was hoarser than it would be some day when he pleaded "not guilty" at the bar.

It was evident that having spoken he was going, for he started toward her, then stopped and said, as if in justification:

"You don't know what hunger is. For about a week now I've had hardly enough to keep soul and body together. If I were the thing I look, I should last out better."

"I will get you food," she said. Her voice was the voice of social equality that she would use in conversation with a guest.

"No, no," he said, shaking his head emphatically. Then, hesitating, he asked:

"Does she live here?" motioning toward the mantel.

"She is dead," gently answered the woman by the door, wondering at his question.

"How long?" came in a husky whisper.

"Four years. Several years ago her youngest son forged her name, fled from home in disgrace and has not been heard of since. She never recovered from the shock and died a broken hearted woman. Her last request was that if he ever returned or if his whereabouts ever became known he be given the picture which interests you so much, for she fully forgave him and that her love for him had never wavered."

The tattered figure stood as if petrified for several seconds after the woman by the door had finished speaking.

"It is all right," she said in a lowered tone that gave her the feeling that she was the thief. "Go quickly!"
"Yes, it's all right," he muttered softly as he passed out.

She watched the ragged, fluttering shadow pass down the stairs out of sight, then closed the door. She sat down suddenly in a chair and her knees trembled from the reaction of her fright.

"I'll put that picture away," she thought, and forced herself to rise. When she reached the mantel the picture was gone.

"Well, that beats all," she said aloud.

Then the color came into her face, and her eyes grew a thought wider with memory. That instant's pause while she had stood at the doorway hoping that the thief would help himself—had he not done so?

Then the possible meaning of his last words dawned upon her, and she wondered if he had come into possession of his own.—Boston Post.

Peanuts and Sleep.

Recently a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," he said, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details.

First, let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountainside the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my destination.

"We passed your station four hundred years ago," he said calmly folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket.

"At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the centre pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke, and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes."—Good Health Clinic.

An Item of the Future.

A reckless aviator, who is said by a number of eyewitnesses to have been greatly exceeding the speed limit, ran the end of his aeroplane through a large plate glass window in the sixty-seventh story of the Cloudland building yesterday afternoon and seriously injured Miss Bertha Dallington, who happened to be sitting near the window when the crash occurred. Hastily backing away, the operator of the flying machine succeeded in escaping, but not before several people had noticed his number, which was C4257. It is shown by the city records that this is the number attached to a machine belonging to Henry H. Hodge, the millionaire popular song writer, but it was explained by him that he supposed his flyer was safely anchored at Watson's aviating station, where it is always kept when not in use. At the station it was said that the machine had been taken away by a man who had not mentioned his name, an irresponsible attendant having rented it to him because all the machines that were kept for hire happened to be out when he called. Al H. Wingfield, manager of the station, declared he was sorry the accident had occurred.—Chicago Record-Herald.

New French Academician.

M. Rene Doumic, who has been elected to Gaston Boissier's seat in the French Academy, is a Parisian by birth, and was at school at the Stanislas Lycee with M. Henri Lavedan. Adopting the profession of a pedagogue, he became professor of rhetoric, first at Moulins, and then, for fifteen years, at his own old school, where he had M. Edmond Rostand for one of his pupils. A literary controversy with Brunetiere brought him an invitation to join the staff of the Revue des Deux Mondes, and he made a great reputation as a witty lecturer. He has lectured, by invitation, at Harvard, and he has just finished a course of popular lectures in Paris on George Sand and her work.—Westminster Gazette.

Monkeys as Coin Testers.

In Siam monkeys are employed by the leading merchants to detect bad coins, writes a correspondent. A traveler the other day told me that the merchants have monkeys which possess a remarkable faculty for judging good and counterfeit coins by tasting them. The ape sits beside the merchant and receives the coin after it has passed through the man's hands. After putting it in its mouth the animal will drop the coin if it is a good one, into a cash box near by, but if it is a counterfeit it will make a remarkable clatter and give it back to its master. Siam has a vast amount of spurious coin. I was informed, and the monkeys in this way perform a very useful commercial service.—London Chronicle.

Fish Famine.

The mention of out-of-the-way dishes recalls to a correspondent a story of a hungry Irishman who entered a restaurant on a Friday morning during Lent. "Have ye anny whale?" he inquired of the attendant. A surprised shake of the head was the only reply. "Have ye anny shark?" This time an emphatic "No!" "Arrah, then, for the love of hivin, bring me a noise, underdone steak, for it's toiled Oi am asking for fish."—London Chronicle.



Making a Lawyer.

Miss Amy Wren, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is making good as a lawyer. Judge Chatfield, of the United States Circuit Court, has made her receiver for a business firm. It is said that she is the first woman receiver in this part of the country, and that her fees will amount to at least \$3000.

Nature's Concert.

"If you would hear a beautiful concert," said a country loving woman, who had been exercising after an ice storm, "walk in the high tufts of grass and listen to the exquisite chimes and tunes given out with the falling bits of ice shaken from the blades and stems. Each, as it strikes the glazed snow, gives forth a fairy-like note, and I have walked over two fields out of pure joy in my discovery."—New York Tribune.

Don't Let Them Know It.

One of the best known women in society, who is remarkable for having no enemies, laughingly said not long ago that she attributed her popularity to never letting those she disliked know of it by any word of hers. "I avoid discussing any unpleasant person," she continued, "and I also never join any social club where a member is included that I do not care to invite to my house. By this means I am free to do as I please, and I also never offend my own friends by having persons that I know they dislike at my house when they are there, as that is questionable hospitality."—New York Tribune.

Thin Goods Pleated.

Though Empire and Directoire models still prevail, some of the cotton and thinner linen goods are made with pleated skirts, quite high of course, the pleats stitched to fit the line meeting the short body portion, and so neatly and smoothly arranged over the hips that they give the impression of a plain skirt.

The bordered goods and the flouncing are materials that lend themselves well to this manipulation, and the style is one especially becoming.

Our Cut-out Recipe

Caramel Sauce.—An excellent caramel sauce for old-fashioned batter puddings and sweet custards is the following: Mix together a cupful of water, a cupful of sugar, a bay leaf, a piece of lemon peel and a stick of cinnamon. Let it boil five minutes. While it is cooking put into a frying pan two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of water. Stir them until they become a dark, rich brown. Add half a cupful of boiling water, and when the caramel has entirely melted, add the syrup after removing from it the bay leaf, lemon rind and cinnamon. Send hot to the table.

to growing girls (whose figures are, of course, immature) and to slender women. The waist may be plain, but the effect will be better if a few pleats are set on the shoulders.

The Loud Dress.

Girls sometimes blame young men for insults or bold advances, when their own dress or conduct invites the same. The modest dress and plain hat is a protection to young women in cities. It is related that certain working girls who reside in suburbs often wear Deaconess bonnets, or the uniform of some order. Others wear the cross around the neck as members of the order of King's Daughters. These things are a bulwark of defense to young women if they are bright and beautiful. When human male hyenas stand on corners—when young girls pass, let the girls look straight ahead and attend to their own business.

Loud dress and hat are bad. I recall a family of girls and their conduct was questionable. They always wore the loudest and most brazen hats. If the fashion said "big hats," theirs were the largest. Peculiar colors were always their choice and when mutton leg sleeves were in favor, theirs were broader than others wore. It is a fact that modest women will wear modest dress. It is an illustration of one's nature.—Lillie Rice Stahl, in the Industrial Farmer.

Old Fashioned Women.

The old-fashioned woman survives and just as we had fancied the "new woman" was having it all her own way! At least one man says: "Women have a habit of toying with a biscuit in public and getting really busy, so to speak, only in private. Readers of 'Pendennis' may remember Thackeray's remarks on that point. Then, again, there is another aspect of the matter. Women do not assiduously chop and steak with the fury of the male, but they rage like devouring locusts among the things on the counter at a confectioner's shop, which the average man will not touch. As a character in a contemporary remarks with some sadness: 'Even Ethel, when she's let loose among the marzipans and meringues, simply clears the counter while waiting for a cup of tea and a plain biscuit, please.'" An interesting light on women's methods regarding food is thrown by a passage in a recently published book. It has frequently been noted that women, when alone, dine on a cup of tea and an egg. This, according to our author, is not due to fairly refinements of soul but to pure slackness. Women grow so tired of ordering food for their families that, when relieved from that duty for a moment, they simply cannot be bothered to order anything for themselves."

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Chinese Blue.

Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt is one of the few fashionable women who do not devote half their lives thinking of something new to wear. It is her rule to give herself almost completely into the hands of her dressmaker with regard to her attire. Probably her chief interest is the big string of show horses of her husband. She is essentially an outdoor woman. Occasionally, however, she noddies an original idea to her wardrobe, and her latest expression in this direction is a frock of Chinese blue. She takes honest pride in this gown, and not without reason. Chinese blue is the rarest and most beautiful blue known, and it is only for the woman with no limit to her expenditures, unlike many of the alleged Chinese silks, and its rarity is due to the fact that it takes two years to dye it. The gown is of the finest possible texture and its material ranks as one of the costliest and at the same time most attractive manufactured in the world. The process of dyeing the material has been a secret with the Chinese for many centuries and it is seldom any of the finished product is exported. Mrs. Vanderbilt obtained her blue six months after she had placed an order with a Fifth avenue firm. The frock is of the princess design, and as Mrs. Vanderbilt says, "It is almost too lovely to wear."—New York Press.

The Hearty Grip Again in Vogue.

In a recent London paper it was said that the fashion in handshaking was changing; that the weak-armed, weak-minded, "elbow-shake" was going out, its place to be taken by a more hearty and natural gesture. Hurrah for Dame Fashion! For once she is engaged in a good work. What could be more discouraging than to go up to a person, beaming with pleasantness and good will, and be met by a lackadaisical grasp of the hand and a forearm motion, suggestive of a severe chill. It is enough to dry the springs of brotherly feeling. But it was fashionable, and so, in the words of a famous old lady, "it had to be did."

The manner is passing. Let us speed it on its way. When it is quite gone, and it no longer has fashion's approval to back it, then let anybody try it, and they will be met with a rebuff that will show clearly enough what people have been thinking all along, and have not dared to say. At most it was a chilly and unsocial mannerism.

Undoubtedly.

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"
"Yes, I'm a cornetist."
"And your sister?"
"She's a pianist."
"Does your mother play?"
"She's a zitherist."
"And your father?"
"He's a pessimist."—Tit-Bits.

Wilbur Wright has gained twenty-five pounds in weight during the last five months. He thinks that aviation asks something to do with it.

The University of Heidelberg has received from a foreign benefactor interested in the advancement of science the sum of over \$30,000 toward the foundation of a radiographic institute.

British cocoa firms have decided not to use any more cocoa from the Portuguese islands of Sao Thome and Principe because of the ill treatment of the natives laboring on the plantations.

Though Swansea, Wales, is in the heart of the Welsh anthracite coal field, stoves suitable for burning it are conspicuous by their absence.

THEIR SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

Two Little Girls Had Eczema Very Badly—In One Case Child's Hair Came Out and Left Bare Patches.
—Cutiicura Met with Success.

"I have two little girls who have been troubled very badly with eczema. One of them had it on her lower limbs. I did everything that I could hear of for her, but it did not give in until warm weather, when it seemingly subsided. The next winter when it became cold the eczema started again and also in her head, where it would take the hair out and leave bare patches. At the same time her arms were sore the whole length of them. I took her to a physician, but the child grew worse all the time. Her sister's arms were also affected. I began using the Cuticura Remedies, and by the time the second lot was used their skin was soft and smooth. Mrs. Charles Baker, Albion, Me., Sept. 21, 1888.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.
Dr. Deitch's Relief for Rheumatism remarkably cures it in 3 days. Its action is radical. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. First dose greatly benefits. 75c and \$1. At druggists.

The smallest quadruped in the world is the pigmy mouse of Siberia.

A CURE FOR FITS.

The Treatment is so Accomplish What Science Has Been Struggling to Attain for Centuries.

The intense interest that has been manifested throughout the country by the wonderful cures that are being accomplished daily by epilepticide still continues. It is really surprising the vast number of people who have already been cured of this and nervousness. In order that everybody may have a chance to test the medicine, large trial bottles, valuable literature, History of Epilepsy and testimonials, will be sent by mail absolutely free to all who write to the Dr. Day Laboratory, 648 Pearl Street, New York City.

The epilepticide cure is creating great public interest, as well as among Doctors, Students, Hospitals and visiting Physicians.

The Apple-Tree Fleet.

"The humorists 'long shore call them the 'apple-tree fleet,'" writes Holman Day, "because their skippers intend to keep them on the safe side of the seafaring—or seafearin', as the aforesaid humorists insist; so carefully on the safe side that they do not venture off shore far enough to lose sight of the apple trees." The "apple-tree fleet" consists of certain antiquated coasting vessels that run cargoes from Maine into the New England ports. Many of these relics date for nearly a century; one of them, the Polly, was a privateer in the War of 1812. Many are the amusing stories which the author tells of these ships and their skippers. One Captain Shibles sailed from Thomastown with a cargo of lime, but found a dull market in Chesapeake Bay. "I know what I'll do," said Captain Simeon Shibles to himself. "I'll put on my best clothes and go up to Washington and see 'resident Jackson.'" The captain did so, was admitted to the White House, and with his "plug hat" under his arm, thus delivered himself: "President Andrew Jackson, Esquire, I have called to pay my respects to a man I admire, and to say that I shall continue to vote for you as long as I live. And not to take up any more of your valuable time, I want to ask you if you have any use in your business or in the business of the United States for a cargo of Maine lime." The President bought it for the navy yard.—Harper's Weekly.

LIGHT BOOZE

Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee, and her experience is interesting. She says:
"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good, hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me and I could keep awake better.
"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck, and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.
"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee, for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the habitual habit.
"I began taking Postum and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the stimulant, but I liked the taste of Postum, and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right.
"Finally I began to feel clearer headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not off any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."
"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

FRILLS FASHION

Ribbon watch chains are quite the thing just now.

Coats for girls' suits are plain and almost straight.

When you cannot afford to buy jewels use beads.

New gowns from Paris have corsets made in them.

Plumes are only rivalled by flowers as hat garniture.

Wreaths and garlands are among the fancies of the day.

Jet buttons are so much favored as to appear on white linen rigs.

Many of the blouses are tucked all over, bodice and sleeves alike.

The fichu is one of the prettiest finishes given to the modern gown.

The elbow sleeve with full ruffles is sometimes seen on evening gowns.

Do not over-trim a baby's dress. It makes him look fussy and unattractive.

The fashionable old-rose shade seems to be becoming alike to those of light complexion and to those who are dark.

Nutmeg brown is a color very much like the spicy blossom, and will be a favorite, while every shade of taupe will be used.

For a young girl a strip of heather-bloom is quite as satisfactory as silk to wear under sheer frocks, and much more girlish.

Buttons will become popular on cotton and linen gowns and will remain almost a necessity on silk and heavier fabrics.

White pearl buttons in every variety of carving and some with a Frenchy decoration of gilt lines and flowers are seen.

Parisian styles are seldom adopted just as they come to us, but are first modified. This is true of the fashion for jet. By contrast we are using it moderately.

Ever read the above letter?

A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.